



# MISHA



CHILDREN'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
MONTHLY

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What could be easier than sledging down the hill? Get on your sledge and down you go. Or so Wolf thought when he wanted to beat Hare again. However, even this simple thing wants a bit of skill and cleverness, as Wolf soon learnt to his cost, roaring his famous "Just you wait!" to passing Hare.





Based on Oriental folk tales and anecdotes about Nasreddin, sage and wit.

# THE ADVENTURES OF NASREDDIN

Illustrated by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO

Continued from No. 3

One winter, when it was perishing cold, some neighbours decided to play a joke on Nasreddin.

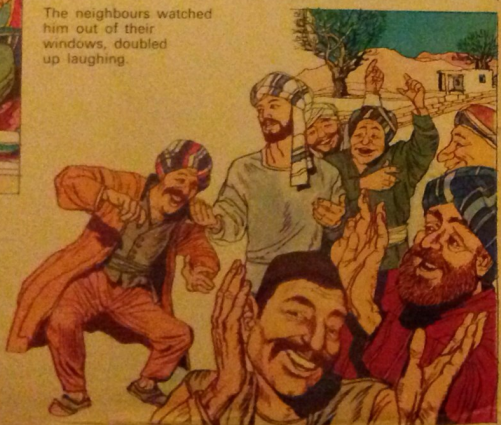


They started talking about the cold weather and how nobody could spend a night outside without a coat and a fire to warm him. "Why, I can do it," said Nasreddin who always loved a bet. So he spent the whole night out in the cold, shivering and dancing in the frost.



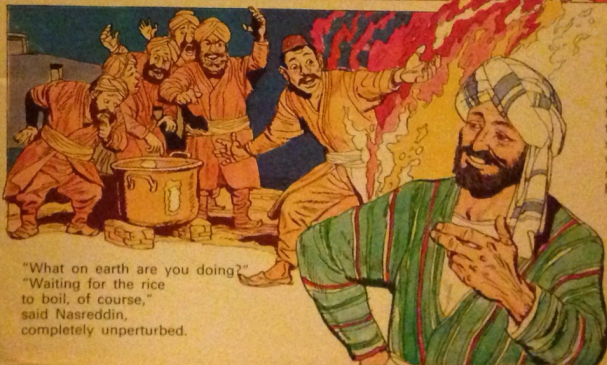
The neighbours watched him out of their windows, doubled up laughing.

In the morning they said: "Well, Nasreddin, you've proved yourself unafraid of both the cold and the dark." "Why, it wasn't dark at all, it was a real starry night," said Nasreddin, always quick to start an argument. Now, those were precisely the words the neighbours wanted to hear. "Aha," they said, "you cheated! You warmed yourself by the starlight. You lost the bet and now you must give us all a nice meal."



Nasreddin saw through his neighbours' trick. Still, he invited them all to dinner.

The guests arrived, sat down at an empty table and began talking. When after some time the dinner was still not served they started to worry. "I'll just go and see how the dinner is doing," said Nasreddin. The guests waited and waited, but nothing happened. Soon, hollow with hunger, they went out to investigate and saw their host watching over a pot of rice which was hanging some twenty yards from fire.



"But it will never boil so far from the fire!" "Why, of course, it will, it is so close to the fire, much closer than I was to the starlight which warmed me that night, remember?"

"What on earth are you doing?" "Waiting for the rice to boil, of course," said Nasreddin, completely unperturbed.

To be continued





One day a group of boys and girls were sitting on Tamara Tikhonovna's porch and telling stories. Well, naturally most of them were about courage and various kinds of super heroes—like the ones who carry a whole armful of screaming babies, and, perhaps, an old gent, who is confused out of his wits, out of a blazing block, you know.

Or still another hero, who clean forgets he cannot swim and jumps into the water to save a drowning man. The type of hero who ends up being saved and brought round himself, with a kiss of life and all that. You must know the kind of story I am talking about.

Now Dmitry, who was only six, the smallest in that lot, also wanted to contribute an equally dramatic story, not to be outdone by the others. However, the moment he opened his mouth, he

closed it again and did not say a word. Alexander said:

"What's the matter with you, now? Come on, tell us your story."

That made Dmitry feel even worse.

"No," he said, "I can't, it's not that sort of story at all."

By that time everybody was staring at him so hard that he simply had to say something. "Well," he said, "once Granny and I had to walk back from the station, you know, right by the side of the road. It was a busy road, with a lot of traffic whizzing by, so we were walking carefully, keeping as much out of their way as we could."

Presently they saw a huge lorry coming their way, very fast. Granny pulled Dmitry farther aside from the road. Suddenly there was a crow in the

## AN INCIDENT ON THE ROAD



road, right in front of the oncoming lorry. The bird was walking across the lane as proud as you please, the little dummy!

Dmitry just couldn't help shouting:

"What do you think you're doing, you stupid crow. Get away, quick!"

All that time Granny was holding him fast, to make sure the boy doesn't make a dash to save the crow. Well, soon the lorry was almost over it, but the crow was still slowly walking across. It was dragging one of its wings and Dmitry understood that it was injured, and not dumb as he had thought before.

"Well, there goes another jaywalker," thought the boy and closed his eyes in horror. He waited

a moment, but nothing happened. The sound of the engine suddenly died down and when the boy opened his eyes he saw that the lorry had come to a stand-still and was waiting for the crow to finish its crossing.

Soon the bird was already on the other side, safe on the grass, over the road's edge. The driver waved good-bye, stepped on the pedal and the lorry surged ahead—there was no time to lose.

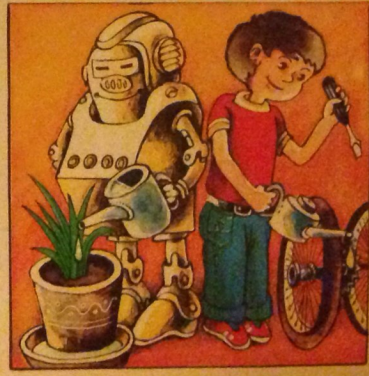
"If I ever see him again," said Dmitry, "I'll always recognise him, he had very white teeth and very kind eyes. Now I also protect birds. If I ever see some boy throw a stone at one, I'll show him!"

Drawing by DMITRY BARABASH



## MISHA's LITTLE TEASES

Drawings by SERGEI BOGACHEV,  
YURI IVANOV, NIKOLAI YEVGENIEV  
and VLADIMIR  
UBOREVICH-BOROVSKY







## REDI THE FRIEND DIFFICULT TO CATCH

Moscow pupil Serezha and his double Electronik the Robot had invented Redi, a computer dog, who had already freed some African animals caged for Professor Krug's illegal experiments.

Based on a story  
by YEVGENI VELTISTOV  
Illustrated by VALENTIN ROZANTSEV  
Continued from No 3.



One day Serezha was summoned to the school principal. "The Bionics Institute is asking you and Redi to save Nekton, the blue whale, who is being chased by Professor Krug's submarine."



Serezha and Redi flew out to the sea. They were met by Don the Animal Tamer and his white-bellied Dolphin. Dolphin and Redi were soon the best of friends and Redi picked up dolphin and whale languages.



Serezha explained to Redi where to find Nekton. Redi wagged good-bye with his tail and plunged into the water, where he always felt as good as a fish.



Redi and Dolphin swam along picking their way among the underwater ridges, boats and submarines. Presently they noticed some black shadows.



Sharks! Redi plunged into the middle of the run and drove them away with electric discharges.



In the morning Redi and Dolphin saw Professor Krug's submarine. It was sending out SOS signals in whale language. "Aha, Professor is trying to trick Nekton," thought Redi. Then he heard a sound—that was the whale heading for the submarine, right into the trap!



Suddenly there was another sound—a desperate cry of a drowning whale. It came from Redi.

Nekton turned back and swam towards him. When the submarine fired her shot, the whale was already out of danger.

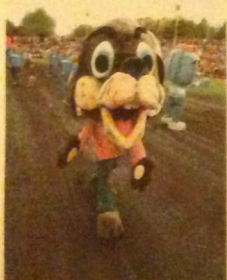


To be continued



• Performance by the Loktev Dance Group

• A friendly doggie opens a pet lovers' parade



## OUR CITY'S DAY



Every boy and girl look forward to their birthdays. It is always lots of fun—the party, games and gifts. Do you know, however, that cities and towns have their birthdays too?

How old are you? Seven? Eight? Well, some cities are seven or even eight hundred years old. When it's the city's birthday all its people come to a huge birthday party. But where do they go, you might ask, when they already live in this city? Look at the photographs for the answer. All people, young and old, come out into the streets, many of them dressed up. Here you can see even a medieval knight in shining armour riding his noble steed. As if the city's founder himself is taking part in the feast. The highlight of each birthday party is, of course, the gifts. When it's the city's birthday, the gifts include songs and round dances by the smaller kids and various more important things by older children. For instance, you can give your city a new tram! This is what Moscow schoolchildren gave theirs, made out of the scrap metal they had collected. And flowers, of course. A fair sea of flowers, some of them grown by Moscow children.

These huge birthday parties are becoming traditional in many parts of our country. One of them was in Moscow which was 840 years old last year.

Photographs by A. BORODIN, A. GUSHCHIN, A. ZEMLIANICHENKO, S. KIVRIN and V. LAGRANZH







## SOME HORSESHOE!

One day Dad gave Kostia a metal thing, shaped like a horseshoe. One of its ends was red, the other—blue.

"Try and guess its secret for yourself," said Dad.

Kostia started his research by looking the metal thing all over and turning it round in his hands. At one point he even licked it with his tongue. Still, he couldn't find anything unusual about it and soon got fed up with trying. Just at that moment the horseshoe got stuck to his toy lorry, so fast that Kostia had a hard time detaching it.

This gave Kostia some new ideas and he started experimenting. He noticed that when he put the horseshoe near some glass or a bit of paper nothing whatever happened, but if he put it near a nail, for example, the nail came alive, jumped up from the floor and stuck itself to the horseshoe, often pulling along some stray pin or needle that happened nearby.

Kostia ran to his Dad saying that he had now guessed the shoe's secret, and Dad told him more about the wonderful horseshoe. People had discovered the magnet's attraction to metal things thousands of years ago. But for a long time its sole use was to serve as the needle of a magnetic compass. One of its ends always points north, towards the North Magnetic Pole, and the other, south.

If you cut a magnet into little pieces each of them will become a new magnet, complete with

both poles, not unlike a fairy-tale dragon who could grow a new head the instant his other one was cut off.

Now scientists can produce magnets that are much better than the natural ones. At some industrial enterprises magnets are used to lift heavy loads. At the press of a button a huge metal plate comes down on heavy chains. After it picks up various metal things, it lifts them and takes them to the right place. Another press of the button, and the things get unstuck and fall down to the floor.

This is how people use the electric magnet. Its main part is a metal coil. When the current is on, the coil turns into a powerful magnet, which can be used to do many other important things, like sound and visual recording and geological prospecting. Magnet-based computer memories have also proved perfectly infallible.

Kostia listened to his Dad's story and suddenly remembered: there was a copper coin under the sofa which he had been trying to reach. Why not use his magnet to get it out? "I'll just tie the horseshoe to a stick and it will pull out the coin," he thought.

What do you think, kids, will Kostia pull out the coin this way?

ALEXANDER GEN

Drawing by ANATOLY DUBOVIK



### TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL



The fastest reader in the world is a boy from Korea. He is ten years old and can read a record 1,200,000 characters in a minute, which amounts to a big book for adults!



If one shouts very loud from the top of Mount Carrantuohill in Ireland, the echo will repeat the shout a hundred times.



When rams wear away their teeth they starve even among rich juicy grasses. When an enterprising English farmer got some metal plates for his herd, the withering animals came alive as if by magic.

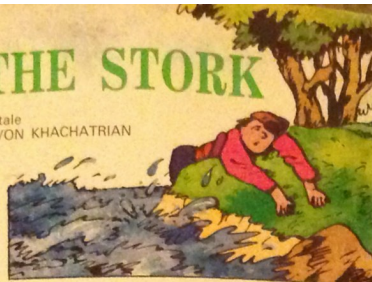
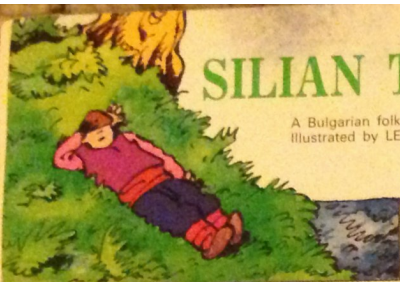


Over five thousand man-made objects are already orbiting the Earth. Only 1/20th of this number accounts for operating satellites. The rest is what can be called "space waste" including pieces of rockets and probes that have outlived their usefulness.



# SILIAN THE STORK

A Bulgarian folk-tale  
Illustrated by LEVON KHACHATRIAN



Once upon a time there lived, in one of the villages, a lazy young man named Silian. He spent whole days loafing about, twiddling his thumbs. His parents married him off hoping that this would teach him responsibility. But Silian responded to

this by fleeing from home altogether. He became a tramp and a beggar, then worked as a sailor. One day his ship was overtaken by a storm and the lad was washed overboard into the sea. When he came round he found himself on dry land,

When Silian stepped into the first spring he turned into a stork. The other spring made him human again. He spent the whole winter on the island, but now he worked as hard as everybody else. When

spring came, he turned into a stork, filled a bottle with human spring water and flew off to his native land.



Silian walked along the shore. After some time he found that he had returned to the same place. Clearly he was on an island. He decided to investigate. Soon he came upon a meadow and a field of grain which looked exactly like the ones in his



native Bulgaria. But the biggest surprise was that the people greeted him saying "Hello, Silian!" "How come you know my name?" the lad asked puzzled.



When he saw the roofs of his village he was so overjoyed that he swooped right down, forgetting all about the magic water. The bottle broke and the water spilt out. Silian the Stork had to live in a nest on his parents' roof. He wanted to be near his



family, but when he alighted near his small son the latter was scared of the big stork and tried to shoot him away with his doll. Silian snatched the doll and took it to his nest.



The people he met replied: "We come from your village. We were very naughty boys, and once we threw rocks at a stranger who came to the village. The stranger turned out to have magic powers and



transformed us all into storks. This island is the only place where we regain our human shape", and they showed Silian two magic springs.



Summer ended and the storks flew back to their island. Next spring Silian was more careful with the magic water and was able to turn into a human when he arrived back to his native village. His family was very happy to have him back, but did



not believe his stories about turning into a stork. To prove he was telling the truth Silian climbed onto the roof and produced his son's doll from the nest. This convinced everybody. Since that time storks are treated with great respect.





ANIMAL CORNER

## MARINE WONDERS

What wonderful varieties of fish there are: hedgehog-fish and parrot-fish, moon-fish and butterfly-fish, not to mention hammer-fish. In the Japanese Sea, on the eastern borders of the Soviet Union, there lives a hound-fish. It acts as a real watch-dog and drives all unwelcome strangers away just by its scary appearance: goggly eyes, a huge mouth and a fuzzy head that looks like it is covered with moss.

One of its neighbours is the yellow perch. This fish slowly patrols its area, day in and day out, with its golden scales shining in the water. The perch is a fish that may at first deceive you by its slow and harmless manner. In fact it is a ruthless predator

that attacks its enemy like a hawk, with one fell swoop, and drives it away from its hunting ground. The only creature that scares the perch is a skin-diver. It feels it must be careful and not go too far if it doesn't want to end up on a dinner table. Still, the perch keeps a close eye on you until you leave its territory. The photograph of the yellow perch was taken during one such encounter.

Text and photograph by  
VLADIMIR KASHO



А Б В Г Д Е Ё Ж З И Й К Л М Н О П  
Р С Т У Ф Х Ц Ч Ш Щ Ъ Ы Ь Э Ю Я

GOOD AFTERNOON!

Today we continue our trip over the Soviet Union. And our friends, Alesha The Why Asker and his sister Nina, the heroes of BORIS ZHITKOV's stories, will help us. Read this story, look at the drawing and solve the crossword puzzle.

### A RED-ROOFED HOUSE

Our uncle Sasha lives on the Black Sea coast. This summer my sister Nina and I vacationed there for a whole month.

Uncle Sasha has a sail BOAT (подка, lótká). But he didn't let us put to SEA (море, mór'e) alone. Once he went on a business trip to town. And we... We decided to cross the bay by boat to have a look at a red-roofed house which stood across the bay. We wondered who lived there. So the moment our uncle left, we were in the boat. "I'll be the CAPTAIN (капитан, kapi-tán) and you a SAILOR (матрос, matróś)," I told Nina, "you ought to follow

my orders!" Then I made SAIL (на́выс, párus) and we set off. Suddenly the boat jerked and stopped. Afraid of being overturned, I quickly struck sail. Nina burst out crying. "This is a SHOAL (мел, m'el)," I explained, "in a moment I'll set our boat afloat." I took off my shirt, jumped into the water and began to push the boat. But in vain. And the shore was far away. "What a trouble you are, captain," said Nina, "not to notice the shoal!" Alas, she was right. Silently sat we in the boat. It was getting hot. All of a sudden our boat swung. I promptly made sail and we started to move to the shore. Most likely, the WIND (се́реп, v'et'r) changed, raised the water and set our boat afloat. Uncle Sasha was both angry and happy. "Don't play with the sea," he told us. Then we learnt that nobody lived in the red-roofed house. There fishermen kept their fish nets.

Drawing by ALEXANDER ARTEMIEV







What stories do these pictures SERGEI SACHKOV has drawn represent? You'll never be able to guess because you must make up your own stories. Start like this, for example: "Once upon a time there

MISHA'S  
PICTURE GALLERY



was a chipmunk called Stripeback. One day he went to visit..." You finish the story yourself. Or think up a new one. But don't forget to send them to Misha.





Lutz was watching closely as his father worked under the hood of his car. Suddenly the hood fell down.  
"Mama!" the little boy shouted. "Our car bit papa!"

Martin is told by his doctor:  
"You must take your medicine. It doesn't taste very good, but just pretend you're drinking something sweet."  
"Why don't I drink juice and pretend I'm taking my medicine?"

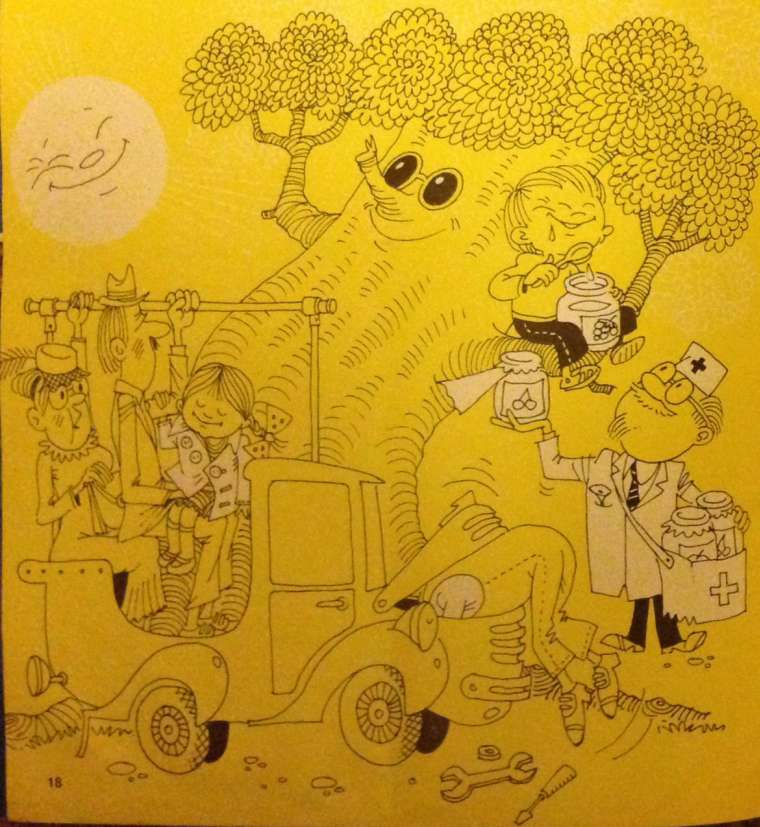
Anna got her feelings hurt and began to cry.  
"Hush," her mother told her.  
"I have to finish what I started," said the little girl.

# CHILDREN AND PARENTS

Misha wants to go outside to play but can't button his coat.  
"What's the matter?" asks his grandmother. "You can't see the button-holes?"  
"I see them, but the buttons don't!"

Mila and her father were riding in a crowded bus. A woman sat the little girl upon her lap. Five minutes later Mila says:  
"Now let Papa sit down. His legs are tired too."

These amusing anecdotes were sent to us by Karsten Niedworok and Kotja Zeug (GDR), Miklos Tóbiás (Hungary), and Oksana Zubashevskaya, Oleg Smazhilo, Taras Kulai and Luda Grivniak (USSR).



## MISHA'S MAILBAG



Send your letters to 8, Ul. Moskvina, Moscow, 103772, USSR

"At the Ball",  
Manuela Hoffmann,  
the GDR

"We would like to describe a tradition we have in our country. On March 1, we all congratulate each other on the arrival of spring and make presents we call Martenitsi out of white and red strings with tassels at the end. We wear these on dresses and coats until we see the first stork or flowering fruit tree. Then we tie our Martenitsi around tree branches."

Boys and girls, here is a picture of the Martenitsi which pupils of School No. 51 in Sofia made and sent to us.



"My Horse",  
Katia Dimitrova,  
Bulgaria

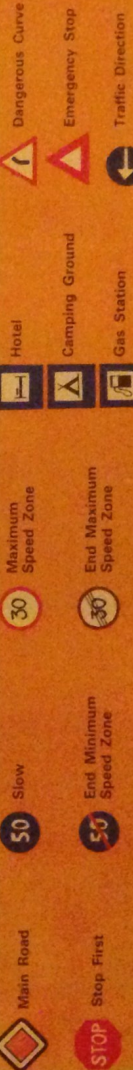


"The Dream",  
Jaromila Mišiková, Czechoslovakia



## HAVE a NICE JOURNEY

Each player rolls a die and moves his playing chip the corresponding number of squares. The object of the game is to reach the "camping ground" first. Each player chooses his own road. If you choose Road A, you must roll either a 5 or 6 to move ahead. If you choose Road B, you must roll a 1, 2 or 3. Any roll of the die will do for Road C. All players must stop before the sign "Stop First". If you land on squares marked with the signs "Gas Station", "Hotel", "Emergency stop" or "Dangerous Curve", you must skip a turn. You can only reach the camping ground from the squares marked 1, 2 or 3. Keep moving your chip around the circle until you land on one of these squares.





## SNOW-BOUND

ALEXEI MISHIN  
Drawings by IGOR OLEINIKOV  
Continued from No. 3

During an avalanche in the Caucasus, Givi, the son of a forest ranger, the boy's grandfather and his dog named Bars seek shelter in an old stone tower. A wild antelope has also hidden here.

Givi gently pats the antelope and says: "It's a good thing you came here. We're sure to find a way out. We don't have to be afraid of the snow: we have light and water from a well."



"The well leads to an underground stream, which surfaces behind the village," explained Givi's grandfather. "Our ancestors once hid in this tower from their enemies. They threw their hats into the well, and the water carried them up to the surface. That's how the young men in the next village learned of the enemy attack and came to the rescue."



"Grandfather," said Givi, "let's put a message in a bottle and throw it in the stream. People will find it and know where to look for us. But I don't hear the stream. What could have happened?"



Grandfather tied a rope around Givi's waist, lit a candle and lowered him into the well. The boy saw holes in the walls: the stream which once fed the well had disappeared.



"A dam has formed somewhere upstream," Grandfather observed. "It's too bad the river bed is too narrow for us to follow up to the surface". "What about Bars?" Givi asked. "He can carry a message!" The boy brought the dog to the black opening of the well. "Go on, boy! Find Papa!"



Bars made his way along the river bed. There were steep slopes, and the dog fell and whimpered. But he kept on going. Finally there was a glimmer of light ahead.

To be continued  
23





Misha's Guest is Svetlana Savitskaya,  
pilot-cosmonaut of the USSR

## DREAMS

Only ten or so women in the whole world have flown into space. Misha's correspondent met with Soviet cosmonaut Svetlana Savitskaya and asked her to talk about her childhood.

Svetlana had been outside with her little son and had just returned home. The baby soon went to sleep, and we had a chance to talk.

*Which adults do you remember with the most affection?*

Many—I was lucky. My grandmother, for example, taught me how to read before I even went to school. She didn't just teach me the alphabet, she taught me to love reading and books. I am grateful to my parents for teaching me to respect others and have self-discipline. My father was always athletic. We had a ping-pong table at home, and I became interested in sports at an early age. I was lucky with my school-teachers too. They were dedicated, serious, kind and intelligent. I remember my first teacher, Nina Sukhova. She was strict but fair. She didn't have favourites; she treated us all the same. Then she quit work for a while to have a baby. We were

told at school that Nina Sukhova had invited us to her home. We went and she showed us her baby son. We drank tea and talked. It seems like a small thing, but it made us feel grown up. These are things you remember. We get together for class reunions every year, and the main reason we do this is to see our former teachers.

*How do you think children should be raised?*

It's too early for me to talk about that!

*Well, how do you plan to raise your son?*

I don't have a programme. I think everything should be natural. And I've noticed it helps when you treat children as friends.

*You have a rare, one of the rarest professions, especially for a woman. How did you choose it?*

When I was thirteen I already knew what I wanted to be. But I didn't tell anyone: what a profession for a girl! Still, I made my preparations. First, I learned to sky-dive and then to fly. I achieved some success there. (Svetlana is too modest—she set several world records.) I worked as a flying instructor and a test pilot, and, finally, became a cosmonaut. You see, sometimes childhood dreams come true. But, of course, I had to work very hard.



Music  
by GRIGORY  
GLADKOV-YUGIN

## A PUSSY-MOUSEY SONG

In line the mice were treading  
Along a tiny path  
From Making Merry village  
To the farm called Making Fuss.  
They got there quite exhausted.  
"We're tired," was all they said.  
And so the journey back again  
They made upon a cat.

Refrain.

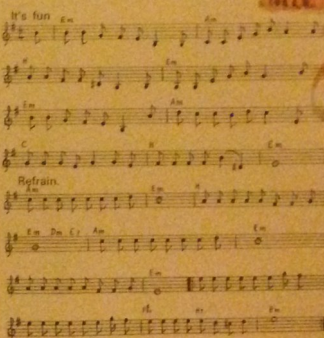
Why can't a Pussy-cat give a lift to mice?  
Travelling together—how very nice!  
(two times)  
Their happy squeaks and singing  
Were heard along the way  
To Making Merry village  
From Making Fuss—Ho! Hey!  
It's far from easy walking  
When you are grey and small,  
While riding on a Pussy  
Is joy and fun for all.

Refrain.

A wood and then a valley,  
A hummock, then a hill,  
A meadow and a gully,  
And birds' jolly trill.  
That Pussies are good trotters  
Is known to one and all;  
Back home came the riders  
All smiles, alive and whole.

Refrain.

Fluffy Pussy soft and swift,  
Can't she give the mice a lift?



Boys and girls! Everyone  
loves happy songs like the  
ones GRIGORY GLADKOV-  
YUGIN writes. Soviet children  
sing them with great pleasure.  
The music for "A Pussy-  
Mousey Song" was written by  
this composer for lyrics by  
VLADIMIR PRIKHODKO.



Photograph  
by ALEXANDER  
ZEMLIANCHENKO



MISHA'S STADIUM

## A MAGIC WAND

Gymnast **OLGA BICHEROVA**, a former world and European champion, shares some exercises with our readers.

An ordinary stick can become a magic wand if you work with it every morning. Gradually you will acquire good posture—a straight back and shoulders—and learn to carry your head high.



### THE YOKE

In the olden days, buckets of water were carried with the aid of a yoke. Place your stick across your shoulders behind your neck and pretend you are carrying a bucket of water at each end. Walk carefully so as not to spill any.



### THE WEATHER-VANE

Now hold the stick across your shoulders just as before and turn your body from side to side. Make sure you look behind your back. You are a weather-vane on top of a tall tower. What a lot of interesting things to see up there!



### ON A TRAPEZE

You've seen trapeze artists in the circus, haven't you? Well, pretend that you, too, are performing dangerous stunts. Lie on your back and hold your stick in front of you with your hands at shoulder distance apart. Keeping your arms stiff, bring first one leg and then the other through the "trapeze." Now, for your big trick you will sit on the trapeze. Bend your legs together and bring them over the bar. There! Now go back to your starting position.



VLADIMIR ZAK and  
YAKOV DLUGOLENSKY

## THE CLEVER CLOCK

The world chess championship match. Garri Kasparov versus Anatoly Karpov. Silence reigns supreme in the playing hall. On the chess table stands an odd-

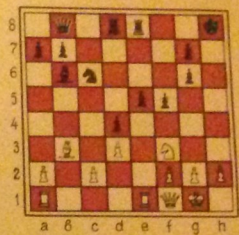
looking clock: an oblong box with two faces and two buttons. If you look carefully, you will see that the hands on one of the faces move slowly while on the other face they are motionless. Finally, the grandmaster makes his move and presses a button on the clock whose hands have been moving. Suddenly the clock stops, and the opponent's clock hands are set into motion.

The chess clock was invented over 100 years ago by an Englishman by the name of Wilson. This was a very useful invention.

How did people play chess before that? One of the players would think over his move for about 10 minutes while his opponent often resorted to "wearing-down" tactics by pondering his moves for hours on end. When asked to refrain from taking too much time, he would reply: "I'm not taking too much time. That's the way I usually think."

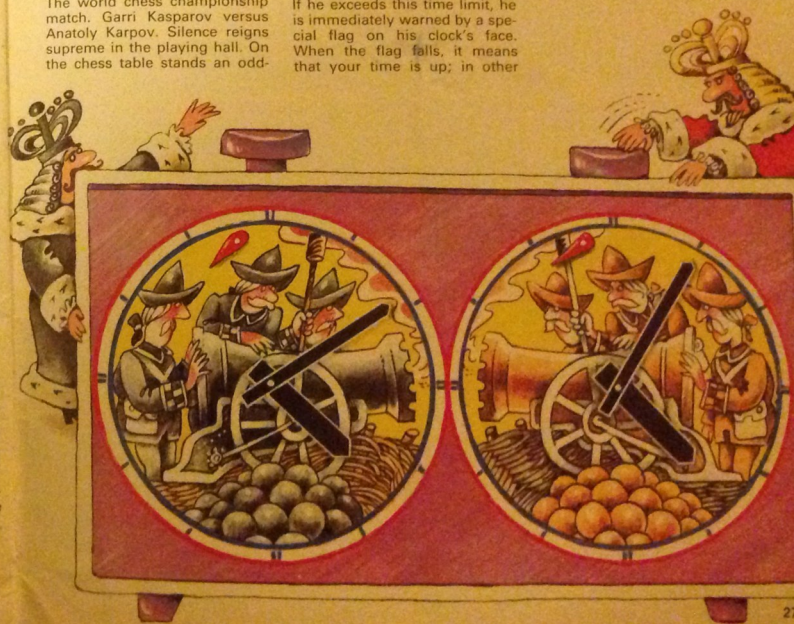
Nowadays each player spends as much time as has been arranged before the game. If he exceeds this time limit, he is immediately warned by a special flag on his clock's face. When the flag falls, it means that your time is up; in other

words, you have lost on time. Homework: Which side has the edge—White or Black?



Solution:  
1.g3! In spite of Black's material advantage, he cannot avoid the mate because of his King's poor position: 2. Qh3x.

Drawings  
by NIKOLAI  
SHCHERBAKOV

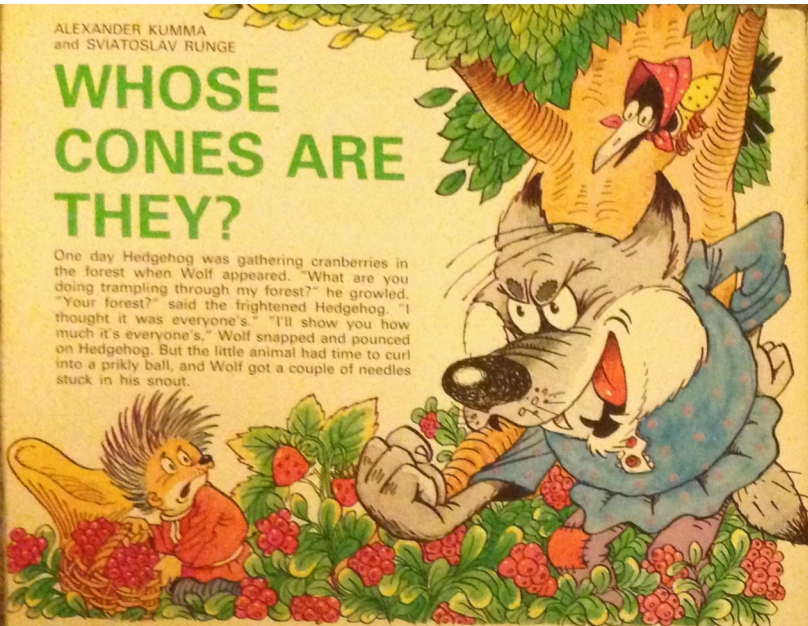




ALEXANDER KUMMA  
and SVIATOSLAV RUNGE

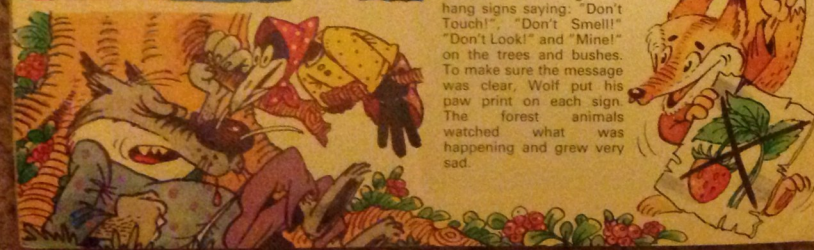
## WHOSE CONES ARE THEY?

One day Hedgehog was gathering cranberries in the forest when Wolf appeared. "What are you doing trampling through my forest?" he growled. "Your forest?" said the frightened Hedgehog. "I thought it was everyone's." "I'll show you how much it's everyone's," Wolf snapped and pounced on Hedgehog. But the little animal had time to curl into a prickly ball, and Wolf got a couple of needles stuck in his snout.



"Ow, ouch!" groaned Wolf. No matter how he tried he couldn't get the two sharp needles out of his snout. Crow heard Wolf's moans and flew to him to help. Using her beak like a pair of pincers, she removed the needles. Sly Little Fox came running too when he heard Wolf's cries. He always ate the leftovers from Wolf's table. Now the rascal noted sympathetically: "Aiyaya, these hedgehogs, rabbits and bluebirds have finally gone too far. Here they are eating **your** grass, worms and cranberries!" "My grass," Wolf almost sobbed with vexation. "My worms!"

"It's time we straightened things out in this forest," said Little Fox. Then the three of them—Wolf, Little Fox and Crow—began to hang signs saying: "Don't Touch!", "Don't Smell!", "Don't Look!" and "Mine!" on the trees and bushes. To make sure the message was clear, Wolf put his paw print on each sign. The forest animals watched what was happening and grew very sad.



Only Squirrel didn't read the signs. She sat on a branch with a cedar cone in her hands and munched on some nuts. "Hey, you!" Wolf called from below. "How dare you take my cone?" "I thought it belonged to everyone," said Squirrel. "But if it's yours, take it!" She threw the cone and it landed right on Wolf's snout.

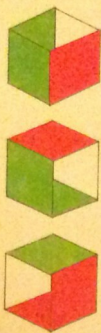
Then all the animals got up their courage and began to throw cones, burrs and the signs they tore from the trees at Wolf. Even kind-hearted Bear joined in the chase: "Take your toadstool with you!" Wolf, Little Fox and Crow ran away in shame.



Wolf kept a compress of plantains on his nose for three days. This was a good time for him to think about who owned the cones in the forest.

Illustrated  
by YICTOR  
TRINCHENKO





Colour the blocks as the artist intended.



Which of the sky-divers will land first?



Find all the magician's helpers.

How many hills has the skier skied up and down?

Drawings by YELENA SADOVNIKOVA



Name the jobs of these people.



The polar bears on the stamps live on the shore of the Arctic Ocean. What other kinds of bears do you know?



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